

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31066 STEREO



LUCINDA

Ramblin'on My Mind



NEGROES' HOUSES, OUTSKIRTS OF TUPELO, MISSISSIPPI 1936, PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER EVANS, COLLECTION OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

SIDE A		SIDE B	
1.	Ramblin’ On My Mind (2:32) (Robert Johnson/Handle Bar Music o/b/o Standing Ovation Music, SESAC)	1.	Little Darling Pal of Mine (3:00) (A.P. Carter/Peer International Corp., BMI)
2.	Me and My Chauffer (3:15) (Memphis Minnie/ARC/Conrad o/b/o ARC Music, BMI)	2.	Make Me Down a Pallet On Your Floor (3:54)
3.	Motherless Children (3:34)	3.	Jambalaya (On the Bayou) (3:09) (Hank Williams/Sony/ATV Acuff Rose Music, BMI)
4.	Malted Milk Blues (3:33) (Robert Johnson/Handle Bar Music o/b/o Standing Ovation Music, SESAC)	4.	Great Speckled Bird (2:58) (Rev. Guy Smith/Songs of Universal, Inc., BMI)
5.	Disgusted (2:33) (Melvin “Lil’ Son” Jackson/Alpha Music, Inc., BMI)	5.	You’re Gonna Need That Pure Religion (3:11)
6.	Jug Band Music (2:32) (Memphis Jug Band-add. verses Geoff Muldaur)	6.	Satisfied Mind (4:09) (Joe Hayes-Jack Rhodes/Fort Knox Music Inc., BMI-Trio Music Company Inc., BMI)
7.	Stop Breakin’ Down (2:25) (Robert Johnson/Handle Bar Music o/b/o Standing Ovation Music, SESAC)		
8.	Drop Down Daddy (3:34) (Sleepy John Estes/Universal Music Corp., ASCAP)		

Ramblin’ on My Mind

Lucinda Williams

FOLKWAYS RECORDS ALBUM NO. FTS31066

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SIDE A

1. RAMBLIN’ ON MY MIND

“**Ramblin’ on My Mind**,” by Robert Johnson, was recorded by him on Nov. 23, 1936, for the American Recording Corp., one of 29 sides he cut in five sessions.

I got ramblin', I got ramblin' on my mind;
Little boy, little boy, I got ramblin' on my mind;
I hate to leave you baby, but you treat me so unkind.

I got mean things, I got mean things on my mind;
I got mean things, I got mean things on my mind;
I hate to leave you baby, but you treat me so unkind.

I'm gonna pack up my bags, I'm gonna leave on the mornin' train;
I'm gonna pack up my bags, I'm gonna leave on the mornin' train;
I hate to hear it baby, when you call Miss So-and-So's name.

I'm goin' down to the station, catch the fastest mail train I see;
I'm goin' down to the station, catch the fastest mail train I see;
I got the blues for Mister So-and-So, he ain't got the blues about me.

Well, there's one thing, baby, makes me begin to drink;
The way you treat me baby, now, I begin to think;

Ramblin' on my mind, I hate to leave you baby, but you treat me so unkind.
I got ramblin', I got ramblin' on my mind;
I got ramblin', mmm, I got ramblin' on my mind;
I hate to leave you baby, but you treat me so unkind.

2. ME AND MY CHAUFFEUR

“**Me and My Chauffer**” was written by Memphis Minnie, one of the few women to record in the country blues idiom. She cut this one in 1932, when she was somewhere in her mid-fifties. No one knows exactly when she was born.

Won't you be my chauffeur, won't you be my chauffeur?
I want you to ride me, I want you to ride me, ride me downtown;
You can ride so easy, uh-huh, that I can't turn you down.

Well, I don't want you, I don't want you
To be ridin' these other girls, to be ridin' these other girls around.
'Cause I'll grab me a pistol, uh-huh, and I'll shoot my chauffeur down.

And I'm gonna buy you, I'm gonna buy you
A brand new V-8, a brand new V-8, shiny brand new Ford;
You won't need no passengers 'cause I'm gonna be your very own.

I want you to be my chauffeur, I want you to be my chauffeur;
I want you to ride me, I want you to ride me all over the world,
'Cause you can be my little boy 'cause I'm gonna be your girl.

I want you to be my chauffeur, won't you be my chauffeur?
I want you to ride me, I want you to ride me, ride me downtown,
'Cause you can ride so easy, uh-huh, that I can't turn you down.

3. MOTHERLESS CHILDREN

“**Motherless Children**” is a traditional gospel song, Lucinda’s rendition is touched by the style of Blind Pearly Brown’s recording for Folk Lyric; Brown in turn was strongly influenced by Blind Willy Johnson’s early recording.

Motherless children have a hard time when their mother is dead,
Motherless children have a hard time when their mother is dead,
Wanderin' 'round from door to door, they don't have no place to go,
Motherless children have a hard time when their mother is dead.

Some people say your sister will do when your mother is dead,
Some people say your sister will do when your mother is dead,
Some people say your sister will do, soon as she marries,
turn her back on you.
Motherless children have a hard time when their mother
is dead.

Some people say your auntie will do when your mother
is dead,
Some people say your auntie will do when your mother
is dead,
Some people say your auntie will do, make a start, then
prove untrue,
Motherless children have a hard time when their mother
is dead.

Jesus will be a father to you when your mother is dead,
Jesus will be a father to you when your mother is dead,
Jesus will be a father to you, through pain and sorrows,
lead you through,
Motherless children have a hard time when their mother
is dead.

Motherless children have a hard time when their mother
is dead.
I said, motherless children have a hard time when their mother
is dead.
Wanderin"round from door to door, they don't have no place
to go,
Motherless children have a hard time when their mother
is dead,
Motherless children have a hard time when their mother
is dead.

4. MALTED MILK BLUES

“Malted Milk Blues,” another of Robert Johnson’s songs, was written and recorded by him probably when he was 17 or 18.

I keep drinkin' malted milk tryin' to drive my blues away,
I keep drinkin' malted milk tryin' to drive my blues away,
Honey, just as welcome to my lovin' like the flower is in May.

Malted milk, malted milk, keep on rushin' to my head,
Malted milk, malted milk, keep on rushin' to my head,
I got a funny, funny feelin' and I'm talkin' all out my head.

Honey, fix me one more drink and hug your lady one more time,
Honey, fix me one more drink and hug your lady one more time,
Keep on stirrin' my malted milk, daddy, until I change my mind.

Well, my door knob keeps on turnin', there must be spooks
here round my bed,
Well, my door knob keeps on turnin', there must be spooks
here round my bed,
I got a funny, funny feelin' and the hair's risin' on my head.

Malted milk, malted milk, keep on rushin' to my head,

Malted milk, malted milk, keep on rushin' to my head,
I got a funny, funny feelin' and I'm talkin' all out my head.
I keep drinkin' malted milk tryin' to drive my blues away,
I keep drinkin' malted milk tryin' to drive my blues away,
Honey, just as welcome to my lovin' like the flower is in May.

5. DISGUSTED

“Disgusted” was written by Lil’ Son Jackson, a blues singer out of Texas with influences from Blind Lemon Jefferson, Lonnie Johnson, and Blind Blake.

I been lookin' for my old man, I can't find him nowhere.
I think I'll go to Chicago and look around over there.
If I can't find him, whoa, man, goin' to the river and sit right
down,
That man keep a' worryin' poor me,
I'm gonna jump overboard and drown.

My old man, he come sit down, he come sit down right
beside me.
He said, I'm gonna be good, mama, if you just don't whip me.
Not gonna whip my baby, whoa man, like a woman whip a
sassy child,
I don't have to ask him no questions, man,
because he knows the reason why.

I feel so disgusted, I don't know what to do.
I think I'll go uptown, try to find me something new.
Meet a man with a Cadillac, whoa man, and plenty money too,
I won't have to wake up early in the mornin'
'Cause I won't have nothin' in the world to do.

6. JUG BAND MUSIC

“Jug Band Music,” the Memphis Jug Band’s highly popular song, with additional verses by Geoff Muldaur, moves in the fashion of a country hoedown with quick undercurrents of the blues (listen to Babe Stovall’s “Salty Dog,” for instance). The Memphis Jug Band recorded in Memphis in the late 1920s and early 1930s.

Way down south in Memphis, Tennessee,
Jug Band Music sounds so sweet to me,
'Cause it sounds so sweet, it's a-hard to beat,
ra-ta-tutti,
Jug Band Music certainly was a treat for me.

Well I went up to my man, put my hand on his knee,
Said if you can't play the jug, you can't play with me,
'Cause it sounds so sweet it's a-hard to beat,
ra-ta-tutti,
Jug Band Music certainly was a treat for me.

Then I took off my socks, I took off my shoes,
I danced all night to them Jug Band blues,
'Cause it sounds so sweet, it's a-hard to beat,
ra-ta-tutti,

Jug Band Music certainly was a treat for me.

And then I went back home, turned on my radio,
Jug Band Music made me stomp down slow,
'Cause it sounds so sweet, it's a-hard to beat,
ra-ta-tutti,
Jug Band Music certainly was a treat for me.

Way down south in Memphis, Tennessee,
Jug Band Music sounds so sweet to me,
'Cause it sounds so sweet, it's a-hard to beat,
ra-ta-tutti,
Jug Band Music certainly was a treat for,
Jug Band Music certainly was a treat for,
Jug Band Music certainly was a treat for me.

7. STOP BREAKIN’ DOWN

“Stop Breakin’ Down,” by Robert Johnson, is still another of Lucinda’s tributes to the greatest delta blues singer of them all.

I can't keep walkin' down the street
'Fore some pretty daddy start breakin' down with me,
Stop breakin' down, please, stop breakin' down,
I got the stuff that'll bust your brains out, baby,
Make you lose your mind.

These no-good men love to ape and clown,
They don't do nothin' but tear my good reputation down,
Stop breakin' down, please, please, stop breakin' down,
I got the stuff that'll bust your brains out, baby,
Make you lose your mind.

I can't walk the streets, now, can't console my mind
'Fore some no-good man start breakin' down,
Stop breakin' down, please, please, stop breakin' down,
I got the stuff that'll bust your brains out, baby,
Make you lose your mind.

I give my baby ninety-ninth degree.
Then he rose up and brought a pistol down on me.
Stop breakin' down, please, please, stop breakin' down,
I got the stuff that'll bust your brains out, baby,
Make you lose your mind.

I can't keep walkin' down the street
'Fore some no-good man start breakin' down with me,
Stop breakin' down, please, please, stop breakin' down.
I got the stuff that'll bust your brains out, baby,
Make you lose your mind.

8. DROP DOWN DADDY

“Drop Down Daddy” was written by Sleepy John Estes as “Drop Down Mama.”

You can drop down daddy, let your mama see

You got somethin’ baby, keeps on worryin’ me.
Well, my mama won’t allow me fool around late at night.
Said you may be too young, some man might not treat
you right.

Well, the Jack of Diamonds told the Queen of Spades,
Come on baby, stop your creepin’ ways,
Well, my mama won’t allow me fool around all night long.
Said you may be too young, some man might treat you wrong.

Well, stop scratchin’ on my window, stop knockin’ on my
screen.
You’re an evil man and I know just what you mean.
Well, my mama won’t allow me fool around late at night.
Said you may be too young, some man might not treat
you right.

Well, you know so many of these men full of so much jive,
Got a hand full of gimme, mouth full of much obliged.
Well, my mama won’t allow me fool around all night long,
Said you may be too young, some man might treat you wrong.

Well, if you see me comin’, throw your woman out doors.
I ain’t no stranger, I been here before.
'Cause my mama won’t allow me fool around late at night,
Said you may be too young, some man might not treat
you right.

You can drop down daddy, let your mama see,
You got somethin’ baby, keeps on worryin’ me,
Well, my mama won’t allow me fool around all night long,
Said you may be too young, some man might treat you wrong,
Said you may be too young, some man might not treat
you right.

SIDE B

1. LITTLE DARLING PAL OF MINE

“Little Darling Pal of Mine” is one of A.P. Carter’s liveliest songs. Woody Guthrie may have borrowed from the melody for “This Land Is Your Land”; the tune has roots in the Negro spiritual “Where You Gonna’ Run When The World’s on Fire?”

Chorus: My little darling, oh, how I love you,
How I love you, none can tell;
In your heart you love another,
Little darling, pal of mine.

Many a day with you I've rambled,
Happiest hours with you I've spent,
Thought I had your heart forever,
Now I find it’s only lent.

Chorus

Many a night while you lay sleeping
Dreaming of your amber skies,

Was a poor girl broken hearted,
Listening to the winds that sigh.

Chorus

There’re just three things that I wish for,
That’s my casket, shroud, and grave;
When I'm gone don’t weep for me,
Just kiss those lips that you betrayed.

Chorus

2. MAKE ME DOWN A PALLET ON YOUR FLOOR

“Make Me Down a Pallet on Your Floor” is a traditional song based on W. C. Handy’s “Atlanta Blues,” which in turn was derived from an old folk tune. Robert Pete Williams may have established it in its current form with a public performance at Louisiana’s Angola Prison on Oct. 21, 1959. It’s become one of the most requested songs in Lucinda’s repertoire.

Make me down a pallet on your floor,
Make me down a pallet on your floor,
Well, make me a pallet baby, down soft and low,
Make me a pallet on your floor.

Make it baby, close behind your door,
Make it baby, close behind your door,
Make it soft and make it low,
Make it where your good gal will never go.

Make me down a pallet on your floor,
Make me down a pallet on your floor,
Make me a pallet baby, down soft and low,
Make me a pallet on your floor.

Well, I'm goin’ up the country forty miles or more,
Goin’ up the country where the weather suits my clothes,
Well, I'm goin’ up the country where the weather suits my
clothes,
Ain't no tellin’ how much farther I may go.

Make me down a pallet on your floor,
Make me down a pallet on your floor,
Well, make me a pallet baby, make it soft and low,
Make it where your good gal will never go.

Well, the way I'm sleepin’, my back end sure gets tired,
The way I'm sleepin’, my back end sure gets tired,
Well, the way I'm sleepin’, my back end sure gets tired,
Gonna turn over and try the other side.

Make me down a pallet on your floor,
Well, make me down a pallet on your floor,
Uumh, make me a pallet, baby, down soft and low,
Make me a pallet on your floor.

Well, I'll wake up in the mornin’ and cook you a real hot meal,

Wake up in the mornin’ and cook you a real hot meal,
Just to show you baby, that I appreciated
Everything you done for me.

Make me down a pallet on your floor,
Well, make me down,
Make me down a pallet on your floor,
Well, make me down,
Make me a pallet, baby, make it soft and low,
Make it where your good gal will never go.

3. JAMBALAYA (On The Bayou) - Hank Williams

“Jambalaya,” Hank Williams’s story about a Louisiana Cajun courtship, family gathering and crowded feast, has been recorded many times in as many styles, but Lucinda makes this rendition her own, barely holding on to the words as she lets them go and giving the lines a tenderness not generally associated with them, without losing any of the song’s sense of happy abandon.

Goodbye, Joe, me gotta go, me oh my oh.
Me gotta go pole the piroque down the bayou;
My Yvonne, the sweetest one, me oh my oh,
Son of a gun, we’re gonna have big fun on the bayou.

Chorus: Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and a fillet gumbo,
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher-a-mi-o,
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o,
Son of a gun, we’re gonna have big fun on the bayou.

Fontaineaux, Thibodaux, the place is buzzin’,
Kin-folk come to see Yvonne by the dozen,
Dress in style, go hog wild, me oh my oh,
Son of a gun, we’re gonna have big fun on the bayou.

Chorus

Settle down far from town, get me a piroque,
And I'll catch all the fish on the bayou,
Swap my mon to buy Yvonne what she need-o
Son of a gun, we’re gonna have big fun on the bayou.

(Chorus; repeat last line.)

4. GREAT SPECKLED BIRD

“Great Speckled Bird” is so much a part of the texture of the folk-gospel tradition that it’s often taken to be traditional in origin. It was written in 1937 by Reverend Guy Smith of the Carolinas. When Roy Acuff introduced it at his Grand Ole Opry audition, he and the song became famous together. The words are based on Jeremiah 12:9, “Mine heritage is unto me as a great speckled bird, the birds round about are against her.”

What a beautiful thought I am thinking
Concerning that great speckled bird;

Remember his name is recorded
On the pages of God's holy word.

The great speckled bird sits in splendor
All surrounded and despised by the squad,
The great speckled bird is the Bible
Representing the great church of God.

When he comes if he comes I will greet him
On a cloud that is floating in the word;
I will rise up my savior to meet him
On the wings of a great speckled bird.

And I am glad that I came to your meeting
I'm glad that my name is of a bird,
For I want to be one never-fearing
The arms of my savior's true love.

And what a beautiful thought I am thinking
Concerning that great speckled bird;
Remember his name is recorded
On the pages of God's holy word.

5. YOU'RE GONNA NEED THAT PURE RELIGION

“You’re Gonna Need That Pure Religion” is another gospel song Lucinda learned from Blind Pearly Brown, who may have taken it from a very different version recorded by an earlier sidewalk preacher, the Reverend Edward Clayburn.

You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh,
You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh,
You’re gonna need that pure religion,
pure religion take you home to heaven.
You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh.

Mother and father by the bed a-cryin’, halleluh,
Mother and father by the bed a-cryin’, halleluh,
Mother and father by the bed a-cryin’,
said, “Lord, have mercy, our child is dyin’”
You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh.

Doctor standin’ lookin’ sad, halleluh,
Doctor standin’ lookin’ sad, halleluh,
Doctor standin’ lookin’ sad,
said, “Lord, have mercy, your child is dead,”
You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh.

You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh,
You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh,
You’re gonna need that pure religion,
Pure religion take you home to heaven,
You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh.

See that train comin’ ’round the curve, halleluh,
See that train comin’ ’round the curve, halleluh,
See that train comin’ ’round the curve, now,
She is strainin’ every nerve,
You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh.

You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh,
You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh,
You’re gonna need that pure religion,
pure religion take you home to heaven,
You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh,
halleluh.

You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh,
You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh,
You’re gonna need that pure religion,
pure religion take you home to heaven,
You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh,
You’re gonna need that pure religion, halleluh.

6. SATISFIED MIND

“Satisfied Mind,” J. H. Hayes’s and Jack Rhodes’s country hymn, has too much of the old Opry about it to be mistaken for a traditional gospel song, but it’s made a well-worn place for itself in a relatively short time.

How many times have you heard someone say,
If I had his money, I'd do things my way?
How little they know that it's so hard to find
One rich man in a hundred with a satisfied mind.
Once I was living in fortune and fame,
Had everything I could dream of to get a start in life's game,
Then suddenly it happened, I lost every dime,
But I'm richer by far with a satisfied mind.

No, money can't buy back your youth when you're old,
Or a friend when you're lonely or a heart that's grown cold,
And the world's richest man is a pauper at times
Compared to the man with a satisfied mind.

When my life is over and my time has run out,
My friends and my loved ones, I'll leave, there's no doubt,
But there's one thing for certain, when it comes my time,
I'll leave this old world with a satisfied mind,
I'll leave this old world with a satisfied mind.

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Credits

Originally issued as FTS 31066 by Moses Asch for Folkways Records, 1979
Original album cover art designed by Ronald Clyne
Songs arranged by Lucinda Williams, vocal and 12-string guitar;
John Grimaudo, 6-string guitar
Produced by Tom Royals
Engineered by Gerald “Wolf” Stephenson and recorded at Malaco Studios in Jackson, Miss., Sept. 1978
Cover photo: Negroes houses, outskirts of Tupelo, Mississippi, 1936 by Walker Evans, courtesy of Library of Congress
Photo of Lucinda Williams by Ed Badeaux
Smithsonian Folkways executive producers: Daniel E. Sheehy and John Smith
Production managers: Logan Clark and Mary Monseur
Production assistant: Kate Harrington
Reissue art direction, design and layout by Cooley Design Lab
Remastered by Pete Reiniger

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SIDE A

- Band 1 Ramblin' On My Mind (Robert Johnson) 2:32
- Band 2 Me and My Chauffer (Memphis Minnie) 3:15
- Band 3 Motherless Children (Traditional) 3:34
- Band 4 Malted Milk Blues (Robert Johnson) 3:33
- Band 5 Disgusted (Lil' Son Jackson) 2:33
- Band 6 Jug Band Music (Memphis Jug Band —
add. verses Geoff Muldaur) 2:32
- Band 7 Stop Breakin' Down (Robert Johnson) 2:25
- Band 8 Drop Down Daddy (Sleepy John Estes) 3:34

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- Band 2 Make Me Down a Pallet on Your Floor (Traditional) 3:54
- Band 3 Jambalaya (On the Bayou) (Hank Williams) 3:09
- Band 4 Great Speckled Bird (Rev. Guy Smith) 2:58
- Band 5 You're Gonna Need That Pure Religion (Traditional) 3:11
- Band 6 Satisfied Mind (Joe Hayes & Jack Rhodes) 4:09

Songs arranged by Lucinda Williams

Photo by Ed Badeaux

Recorded at Malaco Studios in Jackson, Miss., Sept. 1978

Engineered by Gerald "Wolf" Stephenson

Produced by Tom Royals

Vocal and 12-string guitar—Lucinda Williams

6-string guitar—John Grimaudo

In addition to the good people named above, I want to thank the following for their love and support in helping to make this album possible: Jeff Ampolsk, Joe Lomax, Bill Priest, Tom Southwick, Hobart Taylor III, all of my friends in Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi and New York City, and especially my family.

This album will bring the sounds of Lucinda Williams for the first time to many who have not known about her, and to many who have only heard her name: to many others, who have sought her out in coffee shops and bars, folk festivals and motel lounges, living rooms and supper clubs for years, who have worn out personal cassettes and stuck newspaper pictures of her on their walls, this is something missed and waited for, a confirmation of their faith in the fair-haired woman with the warm, cool voice.

Lucinda grew up with folk music from the hills of Arkansas and the flatlands of Louisiana, gospel music and country, mostly the blues. We hear them all in the way she sings any one of them, with a sureness that comes out of years of back-road singing that's rare in one so young, with a compassion that's all her own. If you're one of Lucinda's people, you know how distinctive she is, and how truly good it is to have the album in hand; if you aren't, then welcome.

John Grimaudo's fine guitar understands Lucinda's voice and lays all the right sounds behind her. She leans into those sounds the way a singer will when she trusts them enough. What happens then is a celebration. Listen for joy. Peace.

—Miller Williams

LUCINDA

Ramblin' on My Mind

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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